THE PALE GALILEAN

RAYMOND T. FEELY, S. J.

PATH OF GOLD SERIES

not in library

BOOK NO. 204 F321P | ACCESSION 523360

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00348 2446

FORM 3431 20M 9-42

To _____

From _____

PATH OF GOLD SERIES

The Pale Galilean

by

RAYMOND T. FEELY, S. J.

Author of

"Mending the Nets," "Thoughts For Today"

ECCLESIASTICAL ✠ SUPPLY ✠ ASSOCIATION
E · S · A
PUBLISHERS ✠ BOOKSELLERS ✠ IMPORTERS

328-330 STOCKTON ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1927

3 1223 00348 2446

IMPRIMI POTEST

JOSEPH M. PIET, S. J.
Praep. Prov. Californiae

NIHIL OBSTAT

EDWARD J. WHELAN, S. J.
Censor Deputatus

IMPRIMATUR

✠ EDWARD J. HANNA, D. D.
Archiepiscopus Sancti Francisci

204
F321P
523360

COPYRIGHT 1927 BY
ECCLESIASTICAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Printed in the United States of America.

TO MY SISTERS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/palegalilean0000raym

Foreword

UNLIKE weapons, a book by being blunt may be more pointed. This is the purpose of the following sketches, forming as they do the concluding volume of a series using the Blessed Virgin's life as a background upon which to project practical lessons. Like cinema projections, however, they may perhaps interest but leave no impress. The writer has therefore tried to be personal, although fully cognizant of the trait of human nature which regards the personal as impersonal —or rather other-personal, just as when one speaks of "ugly", most of us never think of our own features, but conjure up some neighbor's visage.

Not only are readers paradoxical, but the subject matters of these sketches are the supreme paradoxes: Mary, the Mother of God, and Mary, the Mother of Men; Jesus, God, yet man. I have tried, especially in such sketches as "The Pale Galilean", to stress the humanness of Christ, believing that the best way to raise man to the divine is to bring God down to the human. No Chestertonian tendency actuates the author in so doing, but a deep and reverent desire to bring his readers into that familiar friendship which alone can answer the yearnings of our own hearts, and satisfy the desires of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. If such is your "reaction", to use a psychic term so current today, may you breathe a little "Ave" for

THE AUTHOR.

Contents

FOREWORD 5

A SOAP-BOX DIFFICULTY 9

SPANKING AND SANCTITY 17

CHATTING 22

THE PALE GALILEAN 31

CO-MURDERERS 49

ANOTHER LADY OF THE LAKE 61

THE SACRIFICE SUPREME 72

CHRIST'S REVENGE 80

A Soap-Box Difficulty

"WATCH!" The speaker struck a match and held it aloft. Slowly it burned, and as the flame drew near his hand he deftly dampened his fingers and grasped the charcoal tip until there remained but a slender piece of charred wood.

It was a curious crowd which circled his soap-box. A hundred or more stood gazing at the venerable demagogue holding in his hand the spent match. Some were admiring regulars at this street-corner university, others, like our crowd of college lads, were idling curiosity seekers. We had listened with disdainful superiority and contempt to his denunciation of the existence of a God; then with splendid vigor and poise he had flung a mocking challenge at the Deity. "God? Why, even a match will demonstrate that a God does not exist."

The speaker borrowed a match from one of his followers and the incident described above took place. The crowd was quiet now with expectancy. Then staccato-fashion came tersely, convincingly, the following: "See, even your preachers will admit that if you weigh this charred wood and the gases which have escaped from this burned match, they will weigh together the same as the original match. In other words, matter cannot be destroyed.

All men admit that. But what cannot be destroyed is eternal. Your preachers tell us that what is eternal always was and always will be. But what always was had no creator. But if there is no creator there is no God. Therefore, even this little match gives the lie to all your preachers and priests who wax fat prating about a God."

Most of the crowd seemed to nod assent. We tyro-philosophers from college wandered off to a nearby cafe to argue over the sophism. Can you find the flaw? Yet it is only a soap-box difficulty!

In the closing sketches of "Mending the Nets" —the predecessor of this little volume—we were chatting over the incident of the Loss of the Child Jesus in the Temple. The story of the harrowing search of Joseph and Mary for their beloved Son, their joy, and, above all, their astonishment at finding Him instructing and confuting the Doctors of the Jewish Law in the Temple—all these we have already considered. But tucked away at the conclusion of this scene are a few words of apparent insignificance, "And His mother kept all these words in her heart."

Surely a most natural thing for any mother to do, and surely words which have little or no connection with the blasphemy of the soap-box orator recounted in the opening paragraphs. But like many another passing remark of the Gospels, it is

filled with latent lessons, especially for us of this generation and of this country.

In days when printers' ink was unknown, men seldom studied books, for their books were men. The noblest study of mankind was and is man, and the greatest student of mankind was Mary. Her text-book and teacher was Jesus, and from Him she learned lessons unknown to the printed page.

Writers often speak of the Golden Age, the Iron Age, the Industrial Age, etc. Perhaps today will be labeled the Readers' Age. We delve into every form of modern literature, but tend to relegate to archeological ascetics the task of unearthing a priceless manuscript written in Galilee over nineteen hundred years ago. It is not a life of Christ, but the life of Christ. A few incidents of this life we hear occasionally on Sunday, just as we know that Waterloo and Napoleon have historical connection. But have we ever made this musty manuscript our chief study, the text-book of our philosophy of life? From a more practical standpoint, do we Catholics know the reason of the faith that is in us, or is our Catholicism a somewhat misty and perhaps mysterious inheritance?

The opening anecdote is a sample of the objections one at times hears against his faith. Religious objections are flying about in our lives as thick as gnats on a lake shore, and while often as insignifi-

cant, are as pesty. The writer has before him a bundle of clippings, the result of just a few weeks' perusal of papers and magazines. Hardly a dogma of faith or a commandment of God that is not under fire. Some are amusingly ridiculous, like the Sunday-supplement genius who explained away the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes and the feeding of the multitudes for three days, by the clever idea that the Jews, knowing that they would be absent for some time, did just what we modern mortals would do, viz., put up "picnic lunches." Another is a flippant attack on the Deity published by the most widely read of American magazines and designed for the so-called "illuminati." It begins with the brusque statement, "What America needs more than a good five-cent cigar is a new God." Another is a defense of polygamy in war-swept Europe; another a damnably clever defense of a new law legalizing abortion in Russia; another the ordinary drivel about divorce; another exults that Jesus Christ, the alleged miracle worker, was the pioneer psychiatrist; another, defending the obscenity of Parisian and New York theatrical exhibitions, writes glibly of "the uplift experienced by the aesthetic loving audience," etc.

But enough of the attacks on the old-fashioned moral code. The point I want to rivet home is

this: Can you defend your faith and the principles upon which that faith is founded? It is alright to say that all this vomiting forth of obscene and atheistic and materialistic literature does not make you deviate one iota from your duty. Perhaps not. However, a lot of sad experience proves the truth of the adage, "If you mix with the dirt, some of it will stick to you."

You don't need to argue with a newspaper or a magazine. The best refutation of many of these is the waste-paper basket or an open fireplace. But this is an age of social contact. At clubs, in cafes, in public vehicles, anywhere that a human tongue can tune in with a human ear, every principle and precept of the faith that you cherish is attacked openly or sneered at cynically. The only insulator from ethical or religious discussion in this modern world is a marble slab!

Let's be practical. During a famous recent trial involving evolution, did you know the attitude of the Catholic Church on this subject, or, if you did, were you able to defend it? Do you let garrulous speakers at your women's clubs or at teas, etc., propagate doctrines which at least in your younger days would have made you blush, and in the silence of your ignorance perhaps inwardly you may have commented that the Church was "old-fashioned" after all?

But why be unreasonable! You never had a course in philosophy, and at church they only preach about the Gospel, or perhaps about an extra collection. We will pass over the question of Catholic education, for we shall deal with that subject in another sketch. You may, however, be responsible for much of the hatred and bigotry which exists against the Catholic Church, because, after all, bigotry and hatred are often based on ignorance. The priest can only reach Catholics; laymen and laywomen can and do come into constant intercourse with those outside the Church, and their ignorance, apathy and timidity are responsible for many a slander and many a non-conversion.

But what can you do? "A thousand and one activities drain your energy and time." If you are really honest, you can and are in duty bound to do much. One might describe a twentieth-century individual as a being who wallows in printers' ink. You read. Everyone does. Newspapers, magazines, books, are as indispensable a part of your daily diet as your morning coffee.

You want to test your sincerity. How many Catholic magazines or newspapers have you read this month? The answer will probably read like the mercury in Nome, Alaska. "Oh, but these Catholic magazines are filled with a lot of senti-

mental milk-and-water stories. You don't expect me to come home tired from work and read one of those dry controversial works as interesting as stock reports to a debutante?"

There is some truth in your charge, but did you ever try substituting Kilmer or Enid Denis for . . . well, why dignify any of the sensuous modern poets of passion? Did you ever match Chesterton against Shaw? Did you ever revel in the ease and wit and wisdom of Father Daniel A. Lord's "Arm Chair Philosophy"? Did you ever contrast your reaction after laying down one of the same author's booklets on the Little Flower, and the nausea consequent upon Balzac? Do you want to get a grip on your faith penned in the breezy, intelligible style of today? Pull down your beautiful morocco-bound Hugo, or Dumas, or Freudian authors, and replace them with Father Martin Scott's "God and Myself, Credentials of Christianity," etc.

You want to pass the time on a street car or train. Did you ever think of reading some of the pamphlets of the Paulist Press, or of America, or of the N. C. W. C.? Did you ever consult Ryan or Husslein on the burning social questions of the day? Did you ever read the masterful eloquence of Gillis' "False Prophets" and realize that Shaw and Wells were idols with feet of clay? Are Ibsen,

Maeterlinck and Mencken replaced by Windle, Walsh and Belloc in your library?

In this sketch nothing has been said of the negative side of modern reading; of the filth and obscenity of books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers which are disseminated broadcast, and greedily assimilated by the youth of today. The evils resulting from such promiscuous reading have been dealt with in various places of this series.

Here grasp but this: You must not only love Christ, but you must be able to defend Him. A well-informed layman is worth a library of controversial books. Read your sporting page or society section if you will, but give some time to a study of what should be dearest and nearest to your heart—your faith. Ask the Seat of Wisdom to help you, and you will study as successfully and reap as rich a happiness as did Mary, whose sole book and teacher was her Child Jesus. To know your religion better is to become a better Catholic. To become a better Catholic will inevitably mean drawing souls to Christ, and to win souls to Christ is the grandest mission ever granted by, and the dearest wish of, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and of the Sacred Heart of Our Saviour and Our God.

Spanking and Sanctity

SOMETIMES the pithy pungency of epigrammatic expression is more potent than the florid phrase. Not all of us may relish the machine-gun rapidity and deadliness of the paradoxical Gilbert Keith Chesterton, but the tendency of the age is to apply the "Gregg System" not only to dictation, but as well to the wording of the old-time truths.

Two such aphorisms are in point here. One, blunt and typical of a famous general; the other, no less virile but penned by a soldier-saint. Both stiletto home the same principle, old as the human race, but neglected as the Creator of that race.

It was back in the "sixties," and a grizzled old Confederate general was addressing his tired troops before a Sunday morning attack. Glancing along the disheartened but brave troops, he waited for a brief minute. Then in bullet-like fashion came the text, exordium, body, and peroration of his sermon, "Men, trust in God, but fight like hell-cats."

The eyes of the soldier-saint burned with a fire as valiant and virile as on that memorable day on Pampeluna's parapets. Clad in the black panoply of his new leader, Jesus Christ, Ignatius of Loyola

sat in the dingy, cell-like room which constituted the General Headquarters of his new army. Taking pen he wrote, "Let this be the guiding principle of your conduct—Whilst trusting in God, so act as if the entire success of an enterprise depended not on God, but on yourself, yet retain such distrust of self as if God alone performed the work and you contributed nothing."

The heat of an Oriental sun is beating down upon the tiny cottage of Nazareth which formed the first Tabernacle of Our Saviour and Our God. Within, a young mother is plying her household duties—simple, dreary duties of making beds, and sweeping, and cooking, and washing, and ironing. Monotonous, toilsome tasks which have ever been and ever will be the duty and the glory of the daughters of Eve. A short distance away an elderly man is toiling at the construction of a table. Sawing, planing, hammering, he labors quietly, steadily. A young boy is cheerfully lending a hand, now to his mother, now to his father. A simple, prosaic picture it all makes; the reproduction of a million that had gone before, of countless others which our own gaze have filmed in our day. Too commonplace to note—this humdrum of the days and weeks and years of Nazareth?

Too commonplace—too humdrum! Calvary may be too heroic for us to glean its full meaning—but

Nazareth! How it links us, how it gives us kinship with Mary, and Joseph, and Jesus!

Did you ever pray "Lord, make me a saint!" Of course not! "I'll be content," you say, "to squeeze in on a back seat in heaven. Sanctity is alright for cadaverous-looking monks, or for nuns who are content with white muslin millinery and funereal colored dresses. Surely I pray, but I'm simply trying to keep out of hell, not to become a saint. Do you expect me to fast and to scourge myself and spend long hours before the Blessed Sacrament? What about the 'kiddies' I have to feed, and to sew and labor for? My duty is here at home," etc.

Most of us, I fear, who have family obligations, reason thus. Yet we've grasped God's scheme all wrong. You can become a saint by baking bread, or selling real estate, or making an "end run", or running a typewriter.

The thirty years at Nazareth were lived just to teach the bulk of mankind, by example, the true means to sanctification. Some few Christ calls to break bread in the Cenacle; a chosen few He permits to stand with Him on Golgotha, but most of mankind must live and seek sanctification with Him and His Blessed Mother and Foster Father at Nazareth.

Let us bring out this point by considering only

motherhood. Mary, sewing, cooking, sweeping, etc., in her little home in Nazareth, is the model of mothers, if—and here lies the secret of it all—they toil not for merely natural love, but for love of Jesus. To speak of what may seem ridiculous details, each stitch in a babe's garment, each dish prepared, each bed made, each step about the house—these constitute sanctity, yes, at times heroic sanctity.

And such saintly lives are being led. Front-page headlines are not the index to family morality, but the millions of mothers whose slaving, sacrificing lives are passed by unheeded, are the vertebrae of a nation's virtue. The next time you tire of reading sordid scandals in the papers, or some lugubrious person tells you the world is headed "straight for hell", take a little stroll in some poor neighborhood. The baby faces awaiting with a welcome smile their daddy, the smoke from a kitchen stove bespeaking hours of drudgery in the preparation of a family supper—yes, even the prosaic washing on a backyard line, all tell their story of heroism. Match the babe's sweet laughter with the brazen smile of the daring sensualist; contrast the simple drudgery of the home with the lascivious luxury which proudly struts about you, and you will realize that this old world isn't as bad as it seems. You will realize that Nazareth still lives, and whilst

Nazareth survives, this world is a long way from going "straight to hell".

This may be the optimistic side of the home. The pity of it lies in the fact that so much heroic virtue is, in a way, going to waste because it lacks the supernatural.

How can your lives be made supernatural? Well, one way is the "Morning Offering" of the Apostleship of Prayer, petitioning our Blessed Mother to unite all your prayers, works, and sufferings with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This offering, renewed perhaps now and then during the day, will transmute drudgery into sanctity. Write a line of six zeros. The total is still zero. So it is with many, very many of our everyday actions. Now write the numeral "one" before the zeros, and you have—a million! The "Morning Offering", sanctifying all our humdrum actions by uniting them to Christ and offering them through the hands of our Blessed Mother, is the little unit, the numeral which transmutes zero virtues into fabulous spiritual treasure.

Some descend from the sublime to the ridiculous. Mothers may ascend from the apparently ridiculous to the sublime, nay even the divine, for they may become saints by darning a pair of socks, or even—spanking the baby!

Chatting

IF someone were to tell the average baseball fan about a ballplayer who made the sign of the cross before he went to bat, the response would be a withering look of scorn for a supposed athlete who lacked sufficient grit to face a pitcher; for one who relied on a pious superstition for basehits rather than upon his own ability. However, there might be recalled to the same fan a world series within the last few years, when the champions of the American and National Leagues had seesawed through six games and ended "three all". The final game was on. A dull lowering sky made doubly effective the "fast one" of the speediest pitcher in baseball. Toward the close of the game, with the score tied, a virile Catholic lad stepped to the plate. The winning run was on the second sack. The fans were madly calling for a hit. Coolly he swung his bat, reverently made the sign of the cross, and stepped into the batter's box. "Strike one—Ball one—." Again, the ball sped for the plate like a bullet. A crack—then tens of thousands went wild as the ball lined out far into deep right field, scoring the winning run of the final game. Superstition, coincidence, or faith? Before you cast your vote, let's chat a little longer.

But a few weeks have passed since Mother and Son had bid a sad farewell to one another as the Boy went forth from His childhood home out into the world. So sad, or, better, so sacred a farewell it was, that God has preferred to draw the veil of silence over the scene. Jesus had set out for the River Jordan to be baptized by that "macerated fanatic of the desert", John the Baptist. Thence He had retired into the wilderness of the mountains to pray. After forty days of fast and prayer Jesus had returned to His beloved Galilee, and gathering four of His mighty army of twelve, He journeyed to Cana.

In this little town, situated but a few miles from His old home, Mother and Son were again united. He had fared forth to conquer the world, and now the Man-God is discovered at a banquet-board with a handful of coarse, ignorant fishermen. What were His Mother's thoughts, we know not. Did she possess the gift of leaping the years and seeing these ignorant fisher-folk remolding a world? Perhaps, but certain it is that, whether she grasped the future, she had faith in the divinity of her Son and questioned not His apparent failure.

How human it is, how much it makes us feel at home, to find Jesus and Mary at a marriage feast mingling with the simple gaiety of such an occasion. The wedding ceremony over, the guests re-

galed themselves at game and at banquet board. But the terse narrative of an eye-witness is perhaps best: "And the wine failing, the Mother of Jesus saith to Him, 'They have no wine.' And Jesus saith to her, 'Woman, what is that to Me and to thee, My hour is not yet come.' His mother saith to the waiter, 'Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye.' "

Many are the lessons which writers and preachers have drawn from this incident. The humanness of Jesus and Mary, the proper use of pleasure, the sanctity of marriage, are all points which we have discussed or shall later touch upon.

Let us here chat about "chatting with God", or, to use technical terminology, prayer. Prayer? Somehow or other the word is repellent. Why? Well, you can't give exactly the reason, but the fact is you find it hard to pray.

"You find it hard to pray?" Surely you do. Most of us find it hard to do whatever we are not accustomed to do, or else are accustomed to do wrong. Do you find it difficult to chat with a friend? Certainly not, and most of us find it hard to break away. Well, isn't Christ our dearest, kindest Friend, and why should it be more difficult to chat with Him than with some social or business acquaintance?

"Oh, but I can see my friend and I can't see

God." When you spend a half hour chatting with "So and so" over the telephone, do you see him or her? "No," you triumphantly respond, "but I can hear my friend's voice." True, but you can hear God's voice just as easily. How? Well, first of all, cut out the interference. When you want to hear one radio station, you tune out the others, don't you? When you kneel in prayer and want to hear what Jesus is answering, you can't listen to Him and at the same time to the station broadcasting the millinery of the woman who sits in the pew ahead, or the station reviewing the details of the dance you attended last night, etc.

In other words, politeness is a part of Godliness. You don't need the latest edition of the "Book of Etiquette" to tell you that you cannot expect a friend to carry on a conversation with you, if you deliberately turn your back and engage in a running fire of chatter with the others grouped around you.

But let's suppose you "cut out" the other stations, which in the language of religion are called "distractions". How do you pray? If you really want to chat with a friend, would you bring a book under your arm and then laboriously read at him other people's ideas? If someone tried it on you, you would find it rather boresome. Surely if you have something interesting to say you won't be so

tongue-tied as to have to search for a book containing somewhat the same ideas. Prayer books may have their place, just as grammars have in the life and training of a school child, but when you want to talk with God, why be fettered by other people's ideas? Can't you talk naturally, quietly, with Christ?

Chat. The word is informal, familiar, but it is the real answer. Christ's delight is to be with the children of men. He wants respect, but He hates formality. Familiarity with Him breathes not contempt, but loving response. How simple, how unaffected was Mary's prayer, "They have no wine." No long speech urging arguments, or florid with flattery. Just a remark, motherly, intensely human, replete with faith. Prayer is hard because we make it hard; it is unnatural because we refuse to be natural in our dealings with the supernatural.

How do you pray? At random, in generalities, only for great favors? Notice Mary's prayer. Here was no only son of a widow to be raised from the dead. Here no leper, no poor, stricken victim of blindness. Just a shortage of wine at a feast. A mere embarrassing inconvenience. Do you ever pray for the trivialities, so called, of life? Do you make prayer only a matter of a few mumblings on rising and retiring and at Mass, or do you carry prayer into your "day's drab duties"?

Thank God, even virile American youths are learning this secret. The opening anecdote is one example. How often do not those "on the inside" see this exemplified in our Catholic colleges. Catholic collegians are playing a rival squad. The team has warmed up and the whistle blows. The men group about their respective captains for a final word. The Catholic lads on one knee are circled about their leader. Getting instructions? This is what the lusty-lunged rooters believe, but instead they are reciting humbly and with deep faith an "Ave Maria". The team may be hard pressed during the game. "Time out" is called. A few hurried words of instruction, a "Hail Mary", and the squad snaps back into action, reanimated both naturally and supernaturally.

An unusual incident? Quite the contrary, for it is becoming an established practice in many Catholic colleges. Did you ever try the same in your business or home life? A perplexing problem comes up in the office. Do you not always rely on your natural acumen instead of first saying a little prayer, perhaps a "Hail Mary", perhaps only an aspiration? God is a better business man than you are. Why not, if I may use the term, take Him into partnership?

At home, problems arise over the children. Why fret and worry? Why not then and there say a

"Hail Mary"? You may be a good mother—remember always, Mary was a better. Weave prayer into your daily duties and you need never worry over the texture.

How do you pray? Mechanically, listlessly? The story is recounted of a good Irish pastor, who one day seeing an old woman kneeling for a long time in a half-hidden corner of the church, approached her and said, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes," she replied. "Pray for me, Father." Seeing the trouble and care writ deep in her face, the kindly pastor persisted, "Isn't there anything else I can do?" "Yes," was the answer, "Father, when you pray for me, put your heart into it." The old woman had taught the deepest, most-neglected requisite of real prayer. Do you "put your heart" into your prayer, or is yours but the language of the lips?

Prayer is the lifting of our hearts to God, not mere mumbling of words. Acquaintances exchange words. Friends talk heart-to-heart, and prayer is nothing but a heart-to-heart talk with the Friend of friends, Jesus Christ.

But if you find such methods of prayer hard or irksome, as you may, then there is always left that form of prayer which has been and is the common heritage of all Catholics—the Rosary.

The writer ran across two little anecdotes re-

cently, one of which, to him at least, was new, the other oft recounted, but ever giving new inspiration in its repetition. The first is a story told of the famous composer, Joseph Haydn. Seated one day with a coterie of friends, all distinguished musicians, the conversation turned on the best way of refreshing one's self from the emotional tension of their art. One suggested a glass of good wine, another a chat with a dear friend, a third a stroll in the open, and so on. Haydn for a while sat silently, and then quietly said, "As for me, I always carry in my pocket my Rosary, and after reciting a few decades I feel refreshed in mind and body."

The other story is of the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. During the nerve-racking days of Catholic Emancipation, when he was conquering the bitter bigotry of Parliament, O'Connell was often seen pacing the banks of the Thames. "Getting your speech together?" inquired a friend. "No," replied the Liberator, "I am reciting my Rosary, and asking the Mother of God to help us in this great work for the honor of her Son."

There is something quieting and soothing about the Rosary, for it is, as it were, the link which binds all of her children to Mother Mary. Childish fingers and withered hands have all learned to circle the beaded chain. It combines Christ's own

prayer, the "Our Father", with the sweetest tribute to His Mother, the "Hail Mary", and linking the prayers, as the chain the beads, are the wondrous mysteries of the life of the Man-God.

The beautiful custom of the family Rosary seems to have become obsolete, but, thank God, many continue the practice of daily reciting the Rosary. Many business men recite it walking to work, their beads fingered in their pockets. All at least can carry their Rosary with them, whether in pocket or in vanity case. Its recital, its mere presence, is an almost invulnerable shield against mortal sin and especially against impurity.

But, above all, in times of sorrow and death, the Rosary seems to flood forth consolation. How true and pithily put are the words:

"For many and many a time in grief
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and aways found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief."

The Pale Galilean

"Thou hast conquered, O Pale Galilean,
And the world has grown grey with Thy breath."

THESE words of Swinburne, so often quoted, crystallize well the attitude of many non-Catholics, and unfortunately of some Catholics, toward the Man-God, "The Pale Galilean." A fanatic Messias tried and in part is credited with replacing soft raiment with haircloth, in imprisoning, in cell and convent wall, youth, and vigor, and beauty, in repressing the natural impulses of mankind, and substituting for them a psychic control which stifles personality, corrugates the brow, and transforms the flush of youth, buoyant and beautiful, into cadaverous asceticism. Christ and Christianity, they believe, have hedged in the pathway of life with more "don'ts" than the "keep off the grass" signs in some city parks. In a word, Christ and Christians have sought to dehumanize humanity.

How false and even blasphemous a concept these men and women have of the "Pale Galilean"! One loves to see Him and His Mother on His debut into public life—at a church gathering, or the Jerusalem Uplift Society? No, but at a country wedding in Cana of Galilee. Not only at

the wedding, but at the feast that follows. Not only at the feast, but even supplying, out of the miraculous mercy of His divinity, extra beverages for fun-loving guests.

What a contrast, or, better still, what a lie-giving picture to the accusation that the world has "grown grey with His breath"—that joy and happiness and festive board and laughter have been damped and deadened by the blight of the "Pale Galilean".

Let us therefore chat briefly of the humanity or, better still, the humanness, of the God-Man. This series is meant primarily to deal with Christ's Mother, but the old advice of a mother to her son is still true:

"Like mother, like son, is a saying so true,
That the world will judge largely of mother by you."

We can judge well how intensely human Mary our Mother is, by considering the humanness of her Son. Since devotion to Mary is but a bridge to span the gap between mankind and Christ, and since the reason most of us never cross that gap is due to our failure to realize the human divineness of Christ, perhaps no study will be more pleasing than this to the motherly heart of Mary.

When God became man, everything that is admirable, everything that is attractive and lovable in a real man, was assumed by Him—the only

thing lacking was the weakness, the vice, the sordidness which are present in the rest of us mortals, but which are elements that dehumanize, not humanize, us.

What appeals to you in your friends? What are the attributes which cause you to idolize some men? We cannot run through the whole gamut of personal traits of character, but let us chat over a few. Perhaps in recent times no poem has so trenchantly epitomized the modern world's evaluation of true manliness as the verses quoted below. In comparing Christ's life with the traits enumerated in this poem, there is no thought of degrading Christ to a purely natural basis, but rather it is the author's intent to demonstrate that Christ measures up perfectly to the arrogant standards set by men as to what constitutes true manliness. Christ's divinity is assumed, and reverently so. Here we are discussing merely the humanness, the adorable humanness, of the Man-God.

We quote the versified standard of the modern world:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them 'Hold on!'

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more, you'll be a Man, my son!"

"If you can keep your head," etc. Did any leader ever live who faced greater difficulties than Christ? Alone, with a handful of weak-hearted followers, He set out to overthrow a world. With masterful tact and unflinching courage, He fought against the prejudices of friends and the machina-

tions of enemies. Christ was a leader, and mankind admires above all a leader of men. He possessed personality, diplomacy, courage. No wonder that His enemies could hurl against Him only the charge, "He stirreth up the people."

"If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you." What supreme confidence, nay, almost foolhardy presumption, Christ possessed. An unknown carpenter, to pit himself against the power of Jerusalem, and the might of Rome. How men railed at the son of a carpenter and sneered at any good coming out of Nazareth. "Grit" is the word we Americans use to express such stamina, and whilst it may seem irreverent, yet if we dare not apply this term, at least the quality was preeminently present in Christ.

"If you can wait," etc. Thirty years of watchful waiting, then three years of brilliant campaigning, culminating in a glorious three-hour struggle with death. And then—defeat? Nay, even a more splendid victory, climaxing in nineteen centuries of watchful waiting in tens of thousands of Tabernacles.

"Or being lied about,—or being hated." The acid test of greatness and success is slander and hatred. It has always been so, it was especially so of the greatest and most successful of men. His own reviled and hated and intrigued against Him

in life, plotted His murder, blasphemed Him in death. His Church, the perpetuation of Himself, has been lied about and hated as no other institution in history. From Nero to Henry the Eighth, from Luther to Mexico in our day, persecution and slander and every vilification spawned of hate and hell has been hurled against the Church, the perpetuation of the "Pale Galilean". Lies and hatred are the fertilizer from which the flowers crowning the glory of great men spring, and with this as a test, Christ stands embowered in a petaled paradise.

"Or being hated, don't give way to hating." How the second part of this criterion is measured up to by Christ! Hated He was and is, but hatred He has ever repaid with kindness. For the law of the jungle, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, He has substituted the law of love and forgiveness. To recount His kindness would be to write His biography. The blind, the deaf, the lame, the lepers, the adulteress, Magdalene the sinner, all attest this fact. And the evidence irrefutable? From the gibbet of shame, racked by torture, blasphemed and murdered by those He loved, His great Heart was too big for such ingratitude, and He prays, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Though dead, He still is too manly to repay hate with hate. With relentless love He pursues the sinner until, exhausted in the unequal

struggle against kindness, the latter kneels a penitent at the confessional.

"And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise." If there was any outstanding virtue in Christ which should appeal to a democratic age, it was the "all to all" character of Jesus. His was no political hypocrisy. He sprang from the masses, a carpenter and the son of a carpenter. He had labored for His livelihood. Rustic life had been His environment. The companions of the great "Buccaneer of Hearts" were rude, unlettered fishermen. Soft sensuous raiment and luxury he despised. His intellect, keen with divine omniscience, found expression in simple language, easily understood and interesting to the common people. Christ was no pedant parading His knowledge under a glamor of high-sounding phrases. Clear, terse, logical, yet vivid with homely similes, like the style of Lincoln of our own nation, was His speech. He moved men's hearts and convinced their minds by the simple sincerity of His language. Truly a trait of a man and a leader of men.

"If you can dream," etc. Christ a dreamer? Yes, the Supreme Dreamer! No youthful builder of castles ever dreamed a more ambitious or apparently more absurd dream. To conquer the world, a greater world than ever Alexander or the Caesars knew or ruled; to conquer the world, not

only for His own lifetime, but, dead, to rule its future millions; nay, more, not to rule by the might of the sword, but to force all men to open wide the drawbridge over the moat of selfishness which leads to that impregnable citadel—the heart —this did the "Pale Galilean" dream!

"To dream, and not make dreams your master." Someone has said that the two greatest business organizations in the world today are the Standard Oil Company and the Catholic Church. This dreamer, this "Pale Galilean", has founded and preserved a business organization, trafficking in souls, international in its operation, ever changing with the mutations of society, and yet ever the same, ever youthful in its antiquity, an organization which has withstood internal corruption and external aggression.

"If you can think and not make thoughts your aim." Christ, as we have seen, was no pedant, no theorist. At twelve years of age He confuted the Doctors of the Jewish Law. During His public career He was a supreme debater, silencing with brilliant keenness, yet with simple logic, the Scribes and the Pharisees. And His Church? It has been and is the intellectual light of the world, salvaging learning and education and art amid the chaos of civil disorders; always theorizing, yet ever practical; always supernatural, yet ever pragmatic.

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster . . ." Palm Sunday and Good Friday are the credentials of Christ to this test, and every page of His Church's history but confirms the statement that "the servant is not greater than the Master".

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken twisted by knaves . . ." Heresy upon heresy, schism upon schism, the devil quoting Scripture to his own purpose, and, peaking all, the Reformation, are vivid examples of these traits in Christ and in His Church. And through them all, one finds the Man-God uncrushed, unembittered, superbly valiant.

The third stanza is but a natural presentation of that supremely unnatural scene of Calvary. The "staking of all" on being nailed to a stake. The "losing of all" and the gaining of all. "The heart and nerve and sinew serving their turn long after they are gone," nay dead, for Christ, dead, lives in tens of thousands of Tabernacles.

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue . . ." Golden words, and a whole philosophy of life for the young! What an exemplar was the Christ. A friend of sinners, the protector of the adulteress, the protector of Mary of Magdalene. How Jesus lived amid sin, untainted and unafraid. How the "Alter Christus", the priest, mingles with sinners, listens for hours to tales of

vice and shortcomings, and yet preserves the purity and spotlessness of his model, Jesus Christ.

"Or walk with kings . . ." Of the first "Great Commoner" we have already spoken. Whether banqueting with Simon or mingling with fishermen, Christ is ever the same. How well Christ possessed the "common touch" whilst on earth can best be judged by how well He retains the "common touch" today. Enter a Catholic Church, and whether it be a magnificent basilica, a treasure house of art and gemmy ornament, or whether it be a lowly hut, scarcely a shelter from the elements, there at the altar rail, Christ, King of Kings, with transcendental charity enters into the hearts of rich and poor alike. King and peasant, plutocrat and beggar, intellectuals and he who

"Bowed by the weight of centuries, leans
Upon his hoe, and gazes upon the ground;
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world",

—all, whether theirs be a nobility of birth or of purse, whether theirs be a poverty of talent or possessions, all may gather unabashed and receive Christ, the Eucharistic Man-God, who there with "common touch" gives Himself to all mankind in Holy Communion.

Death makes no distinction of the amount of a

man's income tax, and death is pitilessly unbiased in making man "a brother to the worm". Christ is pitifully unbiased in making us a brother to Himself, transforming serf and noble, sage and dullard, into a common Divinity that knows no caste system, no aristocracy, no distinction between the masses and the classes.

"Yours is the earth and everything that's in it . . ." Yes, if men could know Christ as He really is, "earth", and "everything", and "everyone", would be His and His alone. His, not because He was a "superman", the great founder of a great organization perpetuating His genius and talents, but His because the "superman" was God. We have discussed what we have reverently termed the "humanness" of Christ, but Christ was more than "manly"—He was the Man-God. Let the supreme leader of mortal man speak through the following incident:

It was eventide, and slowly, musingly, a figure walked along the sand of a small cove. Behind him, sheer and precipitous, rose the cliffs, mighty walls imprisoning the mightiest of prisoners. Suddenly a wave cresting higher than its fellows swept up the sand. The man turned, and a strange grim look crept into his keen eyes as he watched the waters recede and erase with single sweep his footprints from the shore.

Bitter and cynical was the smile on the face that was turned northward. Its vision rested on the serried ranks of Atlantic waves, endless, mighty, irresistible, but his thoughts had swept beyond the continent of Africa which lay a thousand and more miles to the north. Again he stood on Belgian fields, again the serried ranks of Wellington swept forward and receded, again the throb of domination pulsed within him; then Blucher's legions swept forward and blotted his footprints from the sands of time.

The westering sun before it sank into its surging sepulcher crimsoned with gory grandeur the scene. Yet that sea of blood which once was wont to kindle the throbbing lust of glory, nay of world domination, in his veins, that sea of blood confronts him now, and lo, he turns as if it haunted him. He gazes towards the heavens and watches the God of battle cloak the world in crepe, and light from angel tapers the flickering candles above the catafalque wherein lay the myriad youth slaughtered that he might "become as god". From the shore the lashing winds and wailing waves grate upon his soul as echoes from the grief of millions of mothers over the loss of their hero-sons, and shriller still comes the echo—yes, of hissing hate, as they execrate the name—Napoleon!

Slowly the once mighty monarch walks with

bowed head toward the little farm which was now his palace and his tomb in rock-ribbed, sea-swept St. Helena. There he gives utterance to those thoughts which have come down the centuries, freighted with the authority of a man who knew mankind and ruled mankind as no other in the history of the ages. Listen to his words:

"I think I understand somewhat of human nature, and I tell you all the heroes of antiquity were men, and I am a man, but no one is like unto Him. Jesus Christ was more than a man. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires, but upon what did the creations of genius depend? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire on love, and to this day millions would die for Him. Jesus Christ asked what it is most difficult to obtain, that which a wise man seeks in vain from his friends, a father from his children, a spouse from her husband, a brother from his brother—in a word, the heart. It is this which He desires for Himself. He exacts it and He succeeds in obtaining it. Thence I conclude His divinity . . . I inflamed the multitudes who died for me, but indeed they needed my presence, the electric flash of my glance, my voice, a word from me. Today I am at St. Helena, and now that I am alone and chained to this rock, where are my courtiers, where are my friends? What an abyss be-

tween my profound misery and the kingdom of Jesus Christ preached, loved, adored, and living in all the universe!"

In the parallel drawn between the poem quoted in the first part of this sketch and the life of Jesus Christ, we considered how the Man-God measures up to the modern estimate of true manhood. That the verses err by omission has already been noted, although it was scarcely necessary to stress the obvious. All reference to the supernatural, to faith, and hope, and charity, to the richness of poverty, the pleasure of chastity, the liberty of obedience and respect for authority, to humility, the basis of all virtue, etc., finds no place in this evaluation. But all these we have discussed elsewhere, and so here we have striven to take but the defiant criterion of the world and deify Christ with human traits.

Finally, there may have been another characteristic of Christ. I approach it with hesitancy, yet sincerity, with respect, nay reverence, yet with that familiarity born of a realization that He who was "the truth" loves and desires that we speak "the whole truth".

Did Christ possess a sense of humor? Hilaire Belloc tells us "for I know that we laughers have a gross cousinship with the Most High, and it is this contrast and perpetual quarrel which feeds

a spring of merriment in the soul of a sane man". A great hero of Christ, whose life combines the romantic thrill of the twentieth century with the appalling austerities of the early Christians, tells us "a sense of humor is a great aid to sanctity".

Humor is but a sense of the incongruous, and our lives are a series of incongruities, even at times to ourselves. Must not an omniscient Christ, seeing these incongruities and especially the millions of hidden inconsistencies of our lives, have possessed this trait? If Christ was man, and He was, then He must have possessed the attributes of men. Now even the most corrugated-faced philosopher will tell you that the classic example of an attribute (viz., something flowing necessarily from an essence) is the power of men to laugh. If Christ possessed the essence of man, He must have possessed (if one may use the term) laughability. Whether He exercised that power is another question.

Perhaps He never displayed this most human of traits outwardly. He wept, as only a strong man can weep, but the record is silent as to His smiles and laughter. The Church, however, has condemned as apocryphal that interpellation of the Gospel which stated that "He never laughed". Our lives are such shams, such petty incongruities, that perhaps His humor was best kept to Himself. The

writer at least never tires of reading what one of the greatest of modern English essayists so piquantly states:

"His pathos was natural, almost casual. The Stoics, ancient and modern, were proud of concealing their tears. He never concealed his tears; He showed them plainly on His open face at any daily sight, such as the far sight of His native city. Yet He concealed something. Solemn supermen and imperial diplomatists are proud of restraining their anger. He never restrained His anger. He flung furniture down the front steps of the Temple and asked men how they expected to escape the damnation of hell. Yet He restrained something. I say it with reverence; there was in that shattering personality a thread that must be called shyness. There was something that He hid from all men when He went up a mountain to pray. There was something that He covered constantly by abrupt silence or impetuous isolation. There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth; and I have sometimes fancied that it was His mirth."

The above treatment of Christ may and will be criticized, but however imperfect the expression, the intention is to achieve that which all must agree upon, our human hearts must learn to know a human Christ if we would "love him more dearly

and follow him more nearly". We will never feel at home with our loving Saviour if we assume the strained attitude of a young clerk applying for a position to a business magnate. Intimacy is not irreverence, humanness is compatible, nay essential, to the God-Man.

None knew and loved better than Mary, the humanness of Jesus. If we would learn this wondrous lesson of reverent intimacy with Jesus, Mary must be our model, our guide, and our intercessor.

Co-Murderers

YOUNG, well dressed, and with the blasé poise of one at a social gathering, he was seated in a prison cell chatting nonchalantly with a group of reporters. A nation, sated with a daily breakfast menu of coffee and newspaper recountals of scandals, had been but a short week before shocked to learn of the sordid murder of a wealthy youth by two scions of multimillionaires. Now, one of the criminals, puffing listlessly at a cigarette, casually remarked, "I can see no more wrong in slaying that boy than in my biology professor sticking a pin through a beetle."

The brazen, revolting statement caused the nation to gasp, perhaps to recoil, but the indignation of popular resentment had scarce cooled when parents again sent their sons to colleges where the utilitarian doctrines of Mill and Spencer, the nebulous vagaries of Kant, and the gross materialism of Hobbes were openly taught and professed; theories whose logical conclusions have been reduced to practice by opulent young degenerates.

Cana and its happy reunion had now become but a bitterly sweet memory. True, wonderful tales of miraculous cures, of deeds of kindness, came drifting back to the lonely cottage at Naza-

reth. Stories there were, too, of crowds following a young prophet, offset by harsher tales of attempts upon His life. What were Mary's activities during the three years that separated Cana from Calvary? Christ through His Gospels has not deigned to inform us, and pious conjecture is a poor substitute for scriptural narrative. Once only is the veil lifted. Let us listen to the incident as related by the Evangelist:

"And as He was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold His mother and His brethren stood without seeking to speak to Him.

"And one said unto Him, behold Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without seeking Thee.

"But He answering them said, who is My mother and who are My brethren?

"And stretching forth His hand toward His disciples He said, Behold My mother and My brethren;

"For whosoever shall do the will of My Father that is in Heaven, he is My brother and sister and mother."

In the period which separates crib from cross, it is a curious thing that at the three recorded meetings of Mother and Son—namely, the Finding in the Temple, Cana, and the above incident—Christ seems to rebuke His mother. Many explanations are offered of this, but we shall overlook all save

the one which links this scene with the practical lesson sought to be conveyed herein. The Messias is engaged in teaching the Christian religion; all else, even the tender ties which bind Him to His mother, must be subordinated to this great duty. The supernatural must take precedence over the natural, and then, as now, religious education must take priority over human consideration.

Nineteen hundred years ago the Jews sought to destroy Catholic education by slaying Christ. Today the minions of hell are attempting to slay the Church of Christ through the soul-murder of godless education. All of us have recently witnessed one of the States of this Republic of vaunted Freedom and Liberty decreeing by popular suffrage the destruction of the private school. Sponsored not by a few benighted bigots, but the deliberate program of one of the greatest societies in America, which numbers in its ranks the leaders of intellectual, professional, and political thought, this dastardly law was frustrated only by that last bulwark of the liberty of minorities—the Supreme Court of the United States.

The defunct Oregon School Bill was only a skirmish. Modern atheists realize that the Achilles heel (if I may employ the term) of a vigorous Catholic Church is the Catholic School. With diabolical cunning they are concentrating all the

forces of hate and prejudice and of mock patriotism against this citadel of Catholicism. With them there can be no "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's", for Caesar is to them their god. The symbol of liberty from sin, the crucifix, cannot adorn the same walls as the symbol of liberty from political oppression, the American flag. The Declaration of Independence cannot be co-taught with the Apostle's Creed, and in the melting pot of Americanization the Ten Commandments are as so much dross.

Catholics, I do not intend to urge the necessity of sending your child to a parochial school. Thank God, the vast majority of you realize (as the two million children in our Catholic schools attest) that, besides the three "R's", a fourth "R", viz., Religion, must be instilled into the hearts of your sons or daughters. Knowledge is not virtue, else ancient Greece were a land of saints, and the Irish of penal days a profligate people!

The remainder of this little sketch would stress another point, perhaps not pertinent to all, but one affecting an ever-increasing number of our people. I refer to higher education.

Yesterday an esoteric few sought the college or university; today it is the ambition of most high-minded boys and girls to win a collegiate degree.

Your son or daughter has finished high school, and let us sincerely hope from a Catholic institution. Purity still shines from innocent eyes, and faith as yet is tranquilly triumphant. Now comes the acid test of your parenthood. Your dreams are ambitious, outstript perhaps only by those of the child. The law's lure, medical prestige, the culture of the arts, all dangle their enticements, and you must choose a college wherein your son or daughter may achieve their ambition.

What is to be the criterion? With your son it probably will be athletics, but he knows, and all who follow the sporting world know, that time after time Catholic colleges have been intercollegiate champions, triumphing over institutions many times their size. Your daughter will probably be swayed by social activities, but if you are a real Catholic mother, you know that a sorority house is a poor substitute for a convent, and the adulation of irreligious sensualists a dangerous substitute for the kindly surveillance of virgin nuns.

Parents, what will our decision be based upon? Will it be the massive masonry of opulent state or private institutions, and a contempt of the small and less pretentious Catholic buildings? Remember that vice was once worshipped in the majestic marble temples of Rome, while Christ was adored in the dank underground catacombs. Your dominant duty,

unshirkable, and for the performance of which a reckoning must be made before God's eternal judgment seat, is simply this—did you exert every effort to make your son or daughter a pure, upright, zealous Catholic?

With their ever-increasing number and the splendid educational standards of our Catholic universities and colleges, will you send your child to a godless school and still face squarely and unabashed an all-just God?

Yes? Smugly you call to mind the Catholic boys and girls who have attended non-Catholic institutions and have graduated apparently unharmed. Let us concede the fact. The writer knows just as many young people who have "stepped their auto up to seventy-five miles per", and yet who have survived. Would you want your son or daughter to risk themselves on such a "joy-ride"?

But, you rejoin, my child is taking a course wherein pagan philosophy does not enter, and so there is absolutely no danger to his faith. Let me tell you an incident which the writer personally ran across in the last few weeks: One of our old students decided to take a course in "social science" at a nearby secular university. The professor spent the first five minutes of his opening lecture in defining the scope of his subject, but most of the rest of the hour was consumed in expounding the

fact of evolution, climaxing, however, with a scholarly encomium on birth control.

A fellow Jesuit brought to my room last week several text-books used in secular universities in the apparently innocent course of "sociology". Every single one of them devoted the major part of their treatise to expounding the evolution of man from matter, the nonexistence of a free will, the necessity of a new universal religion of brotherhood, etc., and of course eugenics was profusely sprinkled throughout the chapters.

Do you realize where the doctrine of materialistic evolution and the denial of free will leads? Deny the spirituality of man's soul and its freedom, and the Ten Commandments become a travesty. Sin and especially sensuous sins become as natural and innocent as breathing or as the beating of the heart. Chesterton has well said that men who believe that their ancestors were beasts will not hesitate to live like beasts.

There is no secular university course free from the blight of vicious principles, whether it be medicine, wherein atheism and the denial of the soul's existence are openly taught, or the arts course, wherein history is perverted to slur and slander the Catholic Church, or philosophy itself, where every damnable error of the ages is presented with all their allurements, errors which by denying God's

existence, the spirituality of the soul, moral responsibility, etc., pander to youth's ever-clamoring passions. All a parent's years of sacrificing home training are a poor vaccination for such a pestilential atmosphere. Crude, but true is the old adage, "If you mix with the dirt, some of it will stick to you."

As you cherish your child's immortal soul, give him or her a Catholic college education. There is no necessity of dilating on the fact that they will receive every bit as efficient academic knowledge as in secular institutions. Honest investigation, and not any argument or statistics of mine, demonstrates beyond cavil this truth. Neither is there necessity of pointing out the marvelous molding of character which comes from Catholic environment. It is another point I would stress, viz., the value of a course of philosophy which forms an integral part of every Catholic institution.

Philosophy! What care you or your child about hair-splitting theories concerning the nature of space or time? You don't want to rear a loquacious theorist, you want to equip your son along practical lines. My dear Catholic parent, pick up your morning newspaper, today's, yesterday's, any day you wish, and there, scattered through its pages and forming the daily diet of your family, are a dozen ethical questions. Pick up a novel from your li-

brary, or a magazine from your child's desk, and you will find it shot through with false and often vicious philosophical principles. You cannot ride in a street car nor attend a luncheon without false philosophy, and especially pagan ethics, ingratiating themselves into the conversation.

Can your son or daughter hold their own against these ceaseless insidious attacks? A clear, logical mind, keenness for detecting rhetorically garbed paganisms, a deep-rooted conviction of the fundamentals of virtue and vice and of their development by Jesus Christ into an established Church—these are essential to your son and daughter in these days of diffused paganism. Without hesitation it can be asserted that as conditions stand today, in a Catholic college, and in a Catholic college alone, is such a training to be had.

"You don't want a theoretical but a practical education for your child." You yourself have chosen the criterion; now let us apply it to secular and to Catholic college education. Do you prefer for your son or daughter the theory of evolution and its bestial consequences upon morality, or a philosophy which teaches the practice of all of the Ten Commandments? Do you prefer the theories of psychiatrists, who deny the spirituality and the freedom of the soul, to the system which maintains that the one practical business problem of life is

to save an immortal soul? Do you prefer the theory which denies the freedom of the will, and therefore all moral responsibility, to a philosophy which requires the practice of heroic self-restraint and self-denial?

These are ugly questions. Far better, however, to answer them now in all the terseness of truth than have to face them on the Day of Judgment. The issue, then, is reduced to this: Are you more concerned with "the information than the formation" of your son or daughter? Will you complacently risk sending your child to a college fetid with leprous philosophy in preference to a Catholic institution where faith is strengthened and moral responsibility taught and practiced? Will you choose Mary the Virgin, or Venus and Eros?

It is a bold statement and one that will evoke challenge, but in view of the irrefutable saddening testimony thrust daily into our lives, it can be asserted that it is harder for a Catholic boy or girl to pass through a godless institution unscathed in morals and unweakened in faith than for the proverbial camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Because Mary loved and cherished her Boy, it was hard for her to say "goodby" as He left Nazareth to become the first Catholic teacher. Being human and being a mother, it must have wounded her deeply, although it was a joyous wound, to be

practically spurned by her Son when it came to a question between human affection and Catholic education. Yes, it cost her much, far more than any sacrifice you may have to make to preserve the image of Jesus in your child's soul. Money, prestige, the opposition of friends or perhaps of the child itself, what are they all in comparison to the immortal soul intrusted to your care? Weigh the issue in the light of the opening incident, and since anecdotes are more vigorous than argumentation, let us conclude this sketch with a story.

Not many years ago a famous figure in American politics died. Few were the encomiums heard at his death, for he had led a life of constant vilification of others. The fetid filth of abuse, especially against his Catholic neighbors, had been the sordid pedestal of his fame. One United States Senator, commenting on his demise, said, "If Senator ——— had been given the choice of becoming a humming bird or a buzzard, he would have chosen to become a buzzard." Vigorous, vitriolic language this, yet the caustic comment was evoked by the viciously obscene attacks which this man had for years belched forth against nuns and priests. But the strange, ironically strange fact is that he sent his two girls to be educated by the very nuns he publicly slandered!

Sometimes one wonders when they meet so-called

Catholic parents, who are all servile courtesy when in the presence of priests or nuns, and yet who because of fashion and worldly pride have sent their sons or daughters to be stifled of their faith and perhaps perverted in their morals in some godless temple of education; sometimes, yes, one wonders if they ever give thought to the wrathful judgment of Almighty God upon parents who have robbed Christ of the little ones of His flock. If the murder of a human body could cause the despairing soul of Macbeth to exclaim, "Come, blackest night, and pall me in the dunnest smoke of hell," what on your deathbed will be your emotions if you are the murderer of a priceless Christ-redeemed soul?

The issue then is this, Will you Catholic parents become co-murderers with a secular university in the death of your child's soul?

Another Lady of the Lake

A TEACHER always enjoys hearing from one of his old pupils. This summer, while casting vainly about for an anecdote with which to begin this sketch, a letter reached me from one of the lads I had been teaching the previous semester. At first it brought a smile, for knowing the matter-of-fact character of the lad, his attempt to describe the lake resort where he was vacationing, seemed rather incongruous. Like all tyro writers, there was a superabundance of artificial alliteration, etc., and his teacher somewhat cynically commented to himself that vacation time was rather late to be handing in tardy compositions. However, in his crude imagery, he had struggled with a thought which will bring out, better than anything his teacher can evolve, the lesson of this sketch. Somewhat modified, the lad's description of a lake by day and by night follows:

"Far from the moil of men the lake lies, limpid and lustrous. In tiny bays and shaded nooks, penciled shafts of sunlight filtering through the foliage sketch arabesque designs upon the waters. Above, the feathered songsters carol to the accompaniment of the soft symphony of rustling leaves and restless waters. From out the forest fastness comes the

rippling laughter of a brook as it bids farewell to its mountain home, and like a prodigal, dashes impetuously off 'to waste its substance' mid the haunts of men.

As I write, the westerly sun, like a wearied wayfarer, is seeking its rest. Shadows steal silently across the lake's expanse, leaving the mountain peaks haloed with sunlight. A straying cloudlet is crimsoned by the ebbing light of day, but—who can pen a lake by night? What peace, what soothing silence fills one's soul. The birds have hymned their vespers and naught is heard but the lazy lapping of the wavelets. Angel hands are lighting, one by one, glittering tapers above the tomb of day. Stealing silently from out of cloistered cell the moon appears, and strange—its shafts of liquid light across the darkling waters seem to seek the intruder. With half-guilty conscience at invading the sacred solitude, one moves along the shore, and still the rippling beams of light persist to follow," etc.

Pseudo-poetic, perhaps, it all seems, and yet I know no better illustration to bring out the dolors of Our Blessed Mother. Beautiful and wondrous and heart-captivating she is when viewed in the sunlight of her glorious and joyful mysteries, but like the glare of noonday waters, her very virtues seem to blind our human vision. Contemplating Mary, however, in the darksome periods of her

dolors, we experience a something wanly sweet, a something which like the moon's shafts of light we cannot escape, a something that stirs soul depths untouched before, and raising heart and mind to things unearthly, draws us nearer unto her and unto God.

Motherhood without sorrow is like to a setting which has lost its jewel. Sorrow has always been the radiant glory of motherhood. It was so with our own beloved mother. It must—nay, it was a thousand times, a thousand times so of the Mother of our God. Do not hesitate to continue this sketch because it deals with dolors. There will be no morbid moral drawn, rather a lesson consoling, encouraging, fortifying.

The years have swung their slow cycle. Childhood has slipped away into boyhood, and the Boy had advanced "in wisdom and grace before God and men". Slowly, too, pierced the sword of sorrow in Mary's heart, and as with us, the very slowness of its stab accentuated the pain. Boyhood gradually gave place to manhood, and then came "the farewell".

The gloom of separated love had been momentarily dispelled by the rift of Cana, perhaps by one or two other meetings, and then once again do Mother and Son meet. Sculptors have sought to chisel the scene, but the effect is cold as the hewn

marble. Painters have striven to depict the emotions of this meeting, but the canvas is as unexpressive as the painted forms are devoid of emotion. Orators and authors have beaten in vain against the barriers of speech, but rhetoric has been weakened into driveling sentimentality, and eloquence like a broken winged bird, has struggled impotently.

Would that human frailty, realizing its limitations, might cloak in silence the sordidness of the first Good Friday. Not in a spirit of revenge, but through sheer love of humankind and its frailty, Christ rescribes each day with crimson characters of His own Lifeblood the scene and the story which our guilty conscience would fain obliterate or ignore.

The meeting on the Via Dolorosa! The scene on Golgotha! A man, His Body beaten to a livid pulp, His face thorn-crowned and spittle-smeared, staggering under the weight of a huge cross. A jostling, howling mob, lusting for blood and exulting in human agony. A woman, nay, a mother, resolutely cresting this sea of human passion and meeting the condemned. Tearless eyes encounter blood-filmed gaze. A moment more and the mother is trampling under foot the Blood she adores. Onward the wolf-pack bears her, yet she swoons not. Mother love is torn, and gashed, and quivering, yet faith revitalizes as the unborn future floods in upon her, and

millions are previsioned worshiping that desecrated Blood. Millions reach out to bear a little of that cross, millions of faltering lips kiss those wounds, and the agony and ignominy of her Son swells into a mighty symphony of love as His gasping lips repeat and repeat the prayer which braces His waning strength and steels His soul, "Da mihi animas—give Me, give Me souls!"

Listless is the pen of the author as he seeks to write, conscious of his human impotence, still more conscious of his own guilt in this deicide. All of us know the story; our hearts know the details. Ink therefore becomes a profanation, and silence is adoration.

However, we may perhaps falteringly seek to glean a little of what was in Mary's heart that Friday noon and to draw therefrom some lesson suited to our lives. Let us not dare to invade the sanctuary of that deathbed, but rather trace the grief of the Mother of Sorrows in its inception. Let us therefore return to a scene enacted some thirty-three years before. We touched upon the event in "Mending the Nets", but from a different angle.

Mary and Joseph had performed all that custom enacted by the law of purification, when an aged man drew near. With feeble step he advanced, but beneath his snow-white locks his sunken eyes sparkled with a strange expectancy. Long years be-

fore, in answer to his unwearying prayer, the Holy Ghost had promised him that "he should not see death before he had beheld the Christ of the Lord". With passionate love he takes the Infant from Mary's arms, and clasping his Saviour to his heart, he breaks into that beautiful canticle which has come down the ages: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation," etc. Death is welcome now, for he has lived to see the Promised of the Nations, whom prophets and the holy men of Israel have longed to see, but all in vain.

Humbly Mary kneels for Simeon's blessing, and then as happiness floods his own soul, he rives the Immaculate Heart of Mary with the terrible truth of prophecy, "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

One hesitates to attempt to describe the effects which followed this utterance, for words are impotent to portray, even if our calloused hearts could comprehend, the transformation which comes over Mary's heart. Saints tell us that at this moment all the bitter torment her Son had yet to undergo, all the brutal suffering of His Passion, all the bitter pangs which would deluge His sacred soul with sorrow, all were revealed to her in minutest detail. Henceforth for three and thirty years she was to

live the Passion. Time with us dulls grief, but with Mary, as the days and years swept on, her deepening love but accentuated her sorrows. Jesus' loving embrace, His every act of kindness, but drove deeper the wounding blade into her heart. Each day engendered deeper loves between these two hearts, yet each pulse-beat but brought the shadow of Calvary closer.

An infinitely kind God permits sorrow to come to us bit by bit. The merciful future cloaks tomorrow's crosses. What depths of despondency we would be plunged into if God were to reveal to us all the griefs and pangs which we must bear until our death. Yet what are our petty trials compared to Mary's dolors, and dolors seen in their fullest immensity, seen in their minutest detail, and bitterest of all, seen constantly, daily, hourly.

Oh, who can ever grasp the depth of Mary's sorrow, or realize the grief of that sword-riven heart. Yet calmly, cheerfully, courageously, she plied her daily tasks at Nazareth; her kindly, motherly smile forever hiding the beating pangs of anguish which racked her soul within. No tear-dimmed eyes, no wrinkled brow, nor tremor of the voice, no unburdening of her heart to others, revealed the cruel keenness of that sword of sorrow. If He, her Son, who knew and was to bear

the weight of all these griefs, could smile and play, she too would share His divine heroism and stifle cowardice.

Of all the lessons we may learn from Mary's life, this is perhaps the chiefest and most appealing of them all. Her dazzling gifts of prayer and other virtues seem to blind, but, oh, how human, how near to us poor sorrowing mortals she seems in her dolors.

Tears are the lubricant of the world. Only faith and a deep intelligent grasp of the Man of Sorrows and of the Mother of Sorrows can allow the ray of Divine Providence to glisten through our tears until they sparkle rainbowlike.

Sorrow is hard to bear because the heart of man was made for happiness. Here we touch the hidden spring which opens up the mystery of suffering. You see a godless neighbor aglow with health, each business venture of his turned Midas-like to gold. Heaven seems to be draining itself of happiness to lavish it upon one who ignores or contemns Heaven and the God who reigns therein. And you? Manfully you strive to lead a Christian life and battle hard against your passions and the sensuous allurements which encompass you. You love and serve your God, and yet, in return for love, sickness cripples one you cherish, business ventures end in dismal failure, cross after cross is heaped upon your

weary shoulders, and perhaps to cap it all, your only child, in whom are all the hopes and dreams of years, is called from out this world. Your belief in the Justice and the Mercy of the Creator you strove to serve is almost shattered. Faith alone is the gossamer thread which links you to your God. "God's ways are not our ways" must often suffice to smother rebellious doubts, and yet even from reason we can deduce much of the "cruel kindness" of our God.

You believe in a future life. You believe that therein sin will be punished and virtue rewarded. You believe and know that in the lives of all men there is something good; that no heart is so black but has some redeeming trait or traits. Link these thoughts together and you have the answer! Your irreligious, pleasure-loving neighbor has his good qualities. God is perhaps giving him his reward in this world; as for the next—well, it is not for us to judge. You, by your manly effort to live a clean and upright life, are meriting eternal happiness. You cannot expect God to fill your cup of happiness here below and then reward you forever in Heaven. You have your faults. Suffering is the purging kindliness of God. Through suffering, bitter, excruciating suffering that racked and tore both soul and body, Jesus Christ, your God, opened for you the gates of Heaven. He has blazed a trail—the

Via Dolorosa. Would you follow Him to eternal glory? Then tread the weary, blood-stained road to Golgotha. Remember "there is no detour around Calvary!"

Reason dictates, Christ exemplifies, the law of suffering. When your body is racked by disease, when defeat and discouragement have sapped your ambitions, when ingratitude and a thousand trials have rent your heart, then recall that Jesus spared not His own dear Mother. She, the sinless one, whose sanctity baffles not only speech but even comprehension, she was forced by her own Son to endure a passion so terrible in its pangs that saints tell us that it exceeded not only that of any other creature, but of all mankind.

Can you grasp this horribly beautiful truth? Force upon a single human body all the ills and diseases of the hospitals of your own city, add to that the hospitals of the world—pause not, but add the unknown sufferings of untold billions of the human race, steal the swords of sorrow from mothers' hearts that stand by new-made graves, bind together all the bitterness of fathers' souls as abandoned by ungrateful, wayward sons, they falter adown the western slope—pause not here, but allow the mind to run the gamut of all the sorrows and griefs of all mankind, and yet, if all combined, these countless pangs and griefs are but as

a single teardrop to the ocean's depthless depth when compared to Mary's sorrows.

Can you, a sinner, then complain? Rather come and stand beneath the cross with Mother Mary. Ask of her to win from out that bleeding heart the grace to bear life's griefs and pangs, and she, with a mother's tender, sympathetic heart, will understand.

A cross tore Jesus from her and gave her unto us. By crosses alone can she restore us unto Jesus. Be brave and confident. The "Comfortress of the Afflicted" is your mother. She will give you strength to bear, and grace to understand, the divinely agonizing law of suffering, crystallized so beautifully in the mystic meter of the poet priest:

"It is a truth beyond our ken,
And yet a truth that all may read,
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.
"The flower that Bethlehem saw bloom
Out of the heart all full of grace,
Gave never forth its full perfume
Until the cross became its vase."

The Sacrifice Supreme

JUST a few days ago the writer received a letter from a friend who is touring Europe. It was postmarked "Rome" and in it he described the various scenes witnessed in the Eternal City together with the impressions which they made upon him. He passed over with the blasé air of a sated traveler many a wondrous work of antiquity, but spent a page or more describing his visit to the "Scala Sancta". The reader has often heard of these steps, some twenty-eight in number, which once led from the balcony of the Praetorium of Pontius Pilate to the street below. Transferred to Rome, these steps have for many centuries been an object of reverence, and the thronging pilgrims are forced to ascend them on their knees.

My friend wrote of the emotions of reverence, of awe, yes, and of compunction, which engulfed his soul as he realized that these were the self-same steps upon which centuries ago the wolf pack of the Jews had howled forth their cries for the Blood of Christ; the self-same steps down which they dragged the Son of God Himself; a broken, bruised figure, crowned, spittle-smeared, blood-stained, bereft almost of human aspect; the self-same steps —yes, dear God—there are the ruddish black stains

of the Precious Blood of Christ still proclaiming the crimson stain of the murderers of God!

This friend of mine, who was so overcome at the sight of his Saviour's Blood, is just an ordinary miss-Mass-occasionally, go-to-Holy-Communion-once-or-twice-a-year, same-routine-of-sins-every-confession, type of Catholic. If the "Scala Sancta" would perchance be transported to the city in which you live, there is not one of you, no matter how listless, or superficial, or even sin-stained his religious life may be, who would not flock to view, nay to reverence, them.

Yet how blind and void of faith was my correspondent, and how void and blind of faith are not we all. Why travel to Rome, why await the sights of the Bloodstains of a murdered God upon the Scala Sancta to quicken our compunction?

Let us, tardy followers of the Cross-laden Christ, return a moment to Calvary's slopes. Walk carefully, reverently, for the dust is clotted with the Blood of your Saviour. Press forward through the murderous throng; turn not back at their mockery, but force your way to the side of the Mother of Sorrows, and stand with her until the last Blood drop shall consummate the sacrifice supreme. Look into the tortured face of Mary and follow her gaze till it rests upon that purple pulp of Flesh hanging limp upon the tree of shame.

Every fiber of your heart throbs and pulses. You have lived nineteen centuries too late, you regretfully lament. Courageous manhood, valiant womanhood, all cry out with King Clovis, "Oh, would that I were there!"

Yet you were there, or should have been there Sunday last. The sacrifice of Calvary is not a musty historical fact, like the death of Caesar or Napoleon. It lives. It is reenacted a thousand and ten thousand times a day. You cannot be a Catholic without knowing, without believing, that every Mass is another Calvary.

True, now there is no rocky slope and barren hill of shame, but stately Church, and flower-bedecked altar; now no jostling, jeering mob, but flocking friends who surround you; now no blasphemies and mocking cries, but silent prayers that reach the ears of the Victim of our sins.

But, oh, where is your faith? Nineteen hundred years ago a leering crowd would perhaps have kept you on the fringe of the mob, and shame would have prevented you from joining the little group of women who surrounded the first Mass. Today a picnic, a fishing excursion, the fear of offending a so-called friend to whom you are under obligation, will call you away to pleasure haunts, and leave again but a few faithful women to attend Mass.

And if you do come? Let me put a cruelly kind query to you: How many times would you, how many men and women, and especially your young friends, would attend even Sunday Mass if they were not forced to do so under pain of mortal sin, and therefore of possible eternal damnation?

How weak is our belief in the fact that the Mass is not a pageantry reminiscent of, but the actual reenactment of Calvary. Instead of casting aside all human respect, all pleasures, all business, instead of rallying round the Cross of Him whose love and bitter Passion opened Heaven to us, to think that it requires the penalty of Hell to drag us a few blocks to His side on Sunday morning! A political demagogue, a new musical comedy, a passionate actress of the movies, will see us stand in line by the hour to hear or witness the exhibition. But the ghastly drama of the love of Christ! We attend as unwillingly as taxpayers lined up to discharge their civic duty. We come. But when? With the same breathless expectancy that bustles us off minutes ahead of the going up of the curtain on some spicy play that has dazzled Broadway? As I write this it is twelve-thirty p. m.; fifteen minutes past the beginning of the last Sunday Mass. From my room I can watch couples sauntering slowly up the street. Machines are drawing up, and men and women, and especially boys and girls, are laughing,

and chatting, and stopping to greet and banter their friends. The terrible tragedy of Calvary is going on within the Church portals, but those who struggled so impatiently to be in at the first scene last night are listlessly meandering into Mass.

Last night it was an orchestra or box seat. Today many must crush into the back pews so they can escape before the last Gospel. Too strong an indictment? Perhaps, but "if the cap fits you, wear it".

The Mass is progressing. Are its ceremonies as meaningless to you as those of an Oriental rite? But your lack of interest is due to the fact that you have seen these ceremonies hundreds of times. More shame to you, who are so curious of the things of earth, not to have discovered years ago the true significance of this perpetual Calvary. "But the Mass is all in Latin; how can I follow it?" The Missal and the sublimely beautiful prayers of the Mass are all translated for lay people, and what more interesting or clearer exposition is there of the ceremonies of your religion than "The Beauties of the Catholic Church," by Shadler?

But prescinding from what might be termed by some the incidental. The Mass pivots about the Consecration. Do you grasp the tremendous love, the terrible tragedy of the Consecration? In other sketches we saw something of the love which even the wings of the imagination cannot traverse, which

wrests God from His throne of glory and cabins Him in, as it were, within what was a moment before a wafer of unleavened bread. How often at Christmas time you may have longed to have been present in Bethlehem's cave. Through an unfathomable love of Jesus you can be, and actually are, present, whenever you attend Mass. The same sweet God is gazing out at you as gazed at Mother Mary long ago mid Galilean hills; the same Sacred Heart is there pulsing with love for the sinners He came to save. Can you, do you, kneel unmoved? There is no question here of quickening of the pulse, or sentimental love. It is an issue of clear-visioned realization of the import of a personal meeting with your God. Is yours the blank stare of nonrecognition, or the cheerful smile of greeting?

On sweeps the Mass in majestic beauty. The priest elevates the chalice. Do you see but a burnished goblet, and hear but the tinkle of a bell, or do the eyes of faith pierce the gold of the chalice and see the Precious Blood which courses through the Sacred Heart and with which your Saviour scribed upon Calvary the proclamation of your redemption?

To merely bow your head during the Elevation of the Mass is not enough. Let us touch upon a point which should give you pause. How often, in

righteous indignation, have you wished to avenge the murderers of Jesus Christ? What would be your wrath if you saw someone defile the "Scala Sancta", or in mockery spit upon the Blood-stained steps? Yet would you gaze upon one who has mocked and lashed and spat upon his God. Look! I thrust a mirror of your own past before your eyes. Shrink not away, but gaze in disgust upon one who made of the tabernacle a daily Gethsemane, whose sensuality, and for many, I use the term in its fullest, vilest significance, has lashed and torn your Saviour's body until it has become but a welter of Blood; yes, gaze upon one whose lips by their profanity, their scandals, their impurities, have besmeared the face of your God; upon one whose pride and haughty disdain has forced the cruel thorns deeper into the Heart of the fairest of the children of Nazareth—yes, upon one whose heart, selfish, sordid, and sensuous, has demanded of the Man-God that His own Heart be pierced and drained to balance your ingratitude.

The sight is an ugly one. Let us withdraw the mirror. Perhaps this sketch has been too severe, but sometimes it requires high voltage to shock some out of their lethargy. Ten thousand acts of kindly Christ-like love shadow a single occasion on which He wielded the lash. The lack of faith, the carelessness of conduct consequent upon the failure to

realize the reenactment of Calvary have been touched upon, not to upbraid, but to stimulate one to a striving after the beauty, and the love, and the sublimity of the daily drama of Golgotha.

Thousands, thank God, realize this and they should beg of Mary, who stood beneath the Cross, the light and grace to know more clearly and love more dearly the Passion of Christ. And Mass-going should not be restricted to Sunday, but instead of a little group of women, faithful as were the little group on Calvary centuries ago, men and women of all ages and positions should often, nay daily, if possible, come and there again with the Mother of Sorrows keep the sad sweet vigil of the Cross.

Christ's Revenge

FROM the vaunted civilization of today, back to the very threshold of the ages we find man ever seeking the Creator and His religion; seeking Him in the heavenly orbs, in nature, in deified humanity, yes, even in vice itself. Surely it cannot be that an Omniscient God would so submerge Himself in His creation that man could not fulfil his duty of homage and service. Whilst the marks of the religion instituted by God are discoverable and convincing, yet it must be conceded that even the learned at times stand apause at the chaos of controversial works, the claims of conflicting creeds, the bigotry and distorted truth which obscure these marks, and the illiterate are apparently lost in a maze of indecision and doubt.

The true religion of God must satisfy every dictate of the intellect, but is there not some easier way than the arduous path of controversy which leads to the religion ordained by the Creator? Yes, there is a book possessed by all men, whose pages may be scanned by the savage and theologian alike, a book visible to none and yet read by all—the book of the human heart. In that heart are implanted certain emotions common and natural to all men and which ennoble and draw men to higher things.

Being natural and noble, these emotions must have been implanted by the Author of nature—God Himself. Since they draw man nearer to God, and since this contact of the Creator and creatures is the essence of religion, it necessarily follows that these emotions have been made use of in the religion ordained by an Omniscient God.

Which then are the principal natural and ennobling emotions common to mankind? View the answer hewn on that mausoleum of the activities of the human race which we term "history", see it in the furrowed cheek, hear it in the half-choked sob, read it writ deep in your own hearts—the somber truth—we are drawn to God by the emotion of sorrow.

Seek you then the true religion? Listen to what has been termed "the sweet sad story of the crucified Christ", and find therein the answer. The teachings of Christ satisfy every dictate of reason, but it was not the "Sermon on the Mount", but that bruised, bleeding victim of Calvary that brought the millions of earth to the Standard of Christ. Christianity is divine because it is builded on the Cross!

But which of the jarring sects that claim "The Nazarene" is the true religion? Search again the surges of the human heart, and you will find common to all, from primitive man to yourself, that

noblest of emotions—Mother Love. At the haloed utterance of that sacred name of "Mother", the mind of each of us flashes back through the labyrinthian yesterdays, and, pausing on the dim dawn of memory, hears again little lips lisping that sainted name "Mother". But how can crude syllables even shadow forth a mother's limitless love? To seek to vocalize is almost to profane.

An All-wise God could not in building His religion have ignored this most universal and ennobling of the emotions which pulse in the human heart. Find then the religion that not only exalts mother love and its virtues, but that makes it a living part of its devotions, and without the aid of research, without delving into polemics, you have found the true way which leads to God and to His religion.

As for the final step, there is but one answer, for there is but one claimant, the Roman Catholic Church. She alone claims and truly honors that pitiful figure clinging to Calvary's altar. "There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother." Draw near and see in the emotions pendant from the draperies of Mary's eyes, mirrored the grief and heartache of all the mothers of all the ages. But who can transmute into words the dolors of that Mother when she herself during Golgatha's bitter vigil could not offer a single syllable of sympathy

to her suffering Son? The Cross is the divine seal of Christianity. The homage paid the Mother of the Cross is a divine attestation of Catholicism.

* * * * *

It is the end, the finale of these booklets crudely sketching the life of our Blessed Mother. It is the finale, too, of that supreme drama of the Nazarene, and of Mary, His Mother. True, after His death she remained on earth for many years, a hidden, grieving Mother, whose heartaches and whose activities were too sacred to be revealed to humankind. Scripture and history have cloaked in the awe and respect of silence those leaden years, and therefore it is best that pious imagination seek not to transgress upon the sacred confines where no written word has dared to traverse. Let us therefore stand on Golgatha and learn the last, the sublimest lesson which Christ and Mary would impart.

The lightning flashes across the midday darkness—midday darkness, yea, for even the insensate sun seeks to hide in blackest eclipse the crimson shame of the murderers of God. Below, the languishing lust of the city of Jerusalem feels its sensuous soul half stirred as the heavens blacken, the earth quivers and trembles, the veil of the temple is rent in twain, and men, wearied with their blasphemies and sated with the day's saturnalia, pause as they cleanse their garments from the

mingled mud and deicidal blood of Calvary's slopes. Off yonder in the vale, the vulture swoops and hovers over the tree, where hangs "the fetid fruit that once was man", now limp and lifeless at a halter's end.

Again the lightning stabs the cloak of darkness, and through the rent are seen the triple crosses which crown Golgatha's brow, studded with its rubies of a God-man's gore. At the foot of the central cross, clinging with passionate love, behold the "Mother of Sorrows", faithful even unto the gibbet of ignominy. Above, O prodigal, independent children of today, behold a thousand livid-lipped wounds mutely cry out; listen reverently, penitently to the vengeful words of your murdered God——

List, as those bloodshot eyes, gazing down the centuries behold your soul, and mine, and the millions who will clutter the earth; list, as the pulsing Heart pours itself into a final supreme act of love, and from purpling lips comes gasping, but, oh, so tenderly sweet, the words, "Woman, behold thy Son—Son, behold Thy Mother." Naked, stripped even of honor, Christ's revenge is to fling His last weapon at His enemies. His dying curse is to commit them to His Mother's love. Thus, in the agony of God, took place the travail of Mary's motherhood.

Come, youth of today, to Calvary. Most of you will hasten, for even those brutalized by sin cannot resist a mother in sorrow. Come, and stand with Mary. Kindly, reverently, take one of her hands in yours, for her other arm is circling a wooden beam. Drops of crimson are staining its lily purity. You gaze aloft at a limp, livid corpse. Every fiber of your heart goes out to her, and righteous anger surges within you against those who have so brutally tortured and slain her first-born. You press her hand more tenderly as if to convey the emotions of your heart, and her sad eyes turn from cross to you with a wan sweetness. Then, somehow, you understand the words of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, "Ninety per cent of the souls burning in Hell today are there for sins against the sixth and ninth commandments, and of the other ten per cent, scarcely one is entirely free from its blighting taint."

No, it was not a coarse, cruel soldiery that lashed into pulp the sacred Body of God. Your past flashes before you, and the impurities of your youth seem, nay, were, so many hissing scourges which tore and lacerated that sacred flesh. Those eyes that gaze now at Mother, now at Son, have oftentimes mirrored obscenity, whether in theater, or books, or elsewhere; that tongue which fain would speak, has sought to be a "live wire" by disseminating

smutty stories, gold-leafed with wit; that body, so near the stainless Virgin—but no, with manliness or womanliness enough remaining, you start to leave, lest you desecrate. But Mary's hand is now clinging to yours. Her Son was murdered to save His murderers. His death transformed her from the Mother of Chastity Itself to the mother of the billions of the unchaste. Her quivering lips now smile in welcome and drawing you to herself, she repeats His message: "Behold thy Mother!"

A thousand other lessons youth could learn on Calvary's slope. This is enough. Millions have learned it. Millions are practicing it. Millions have found the truth of those other words of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, "If you doubt whether you have sinned in a matter of impurity, and yet remember to have invoked the aid of the Blessed Virgin, then you may rest assured that you have not sinned."

Come, parenthood of today, and hearken to the message of Christ's Mother. Learn of her that parenthood and sacrifice are synonymous. Beg of Mary the grace to learn that you should place upon the lips of your offspring the sweet name of "Jesus", so that later on they will not use that sacred name to spice their salacious stories; the grace to learn ever to keep before your children's eyes Mary's angelic chastity, so that later on they need not fear to be seduced by lascivious allure-

ments; the grace to learn that your children should kneel often before the Tabernacle, and there sip of the "wine of virgins", so that lips purpled with Christ's Blood may not in later years be stained with lewd laughter; the grace to learn, above all, that the summit of Christian parenthood is peaked by a Cross, and that only from that bruised Body on its couch of wood, only from that Heart aching at its side, can you find consolation, and strength, and, paradoxical though it be, happiness. Christ's sufferings plus Mary's dolors are the formula for true happiness. The Blood of a dead God can alone infuse new life into your worn and wasted lives.

May all of us remember that nineteen hundred years have not chilled the love of Mother and Son. Mercy still floods from the Saviour's Side as freely today as when He crimsoned Calvary's Cross, and by that crimson Cross still stands Mary, His Mother. That same loving Heart—the first chalice of the Blood of the Christ-child—still pulses with love and tenderness; those same loving eyes, which gazed with motherly mercy upon the beloved St. John, now embrace the sons of earth; those same loving lips, sealed by the silence of sorrow on Calvary, now constantly remind her Divine Son of the sacred trust of "Mother" imposed upon her as she stood in saddened vigil.

Oh, let us be faithful to Mary, our Mother, and never let a day pass without at least an "Ave"; and as we repeat "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death", let us remember that, in some perhaps not distant tomorrow, the "now" and "the hour of our death" shall merge and be one. Then, oh, then, may there stand by our cross of death Mary, our Mother. When the shadows gather round us, may we, as Jesus of old, gazing through dimming eyes, cast a look of lingering love upon our sorrowing mother, and then whisper so low that only a mother's ear can hear, that only a mother's heart can understand, the words which fell from the fever-livid lips of the expiring Saviour, "Behold thy Son!"

O MARIA, MATER MEA, SIS PROPITIA MIHI!